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When you finish reading this magazine place a 1-cent stamp on this notice, mail the magazine, and it will be placed in the hands of our soldiers or sailors destined to proceed overseas.
NO WRAPPING NO ADDRESS



"IF MOTHER COULD ONLY SEE ME NOW"

MARMON 34

136-Inch Wheelbase

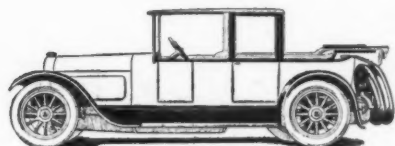
The New Series 4-Passenger Roadster has America's approval because it conforms to America's program of unimpaired service conducted with purposeful economy. Advanced engineering, 1290 less parts, 1100 pounds less weight, 40 to 50 per cent more mileage from tires, 50 to 75 per cent more miles from fuel.

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Established 1851
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THE UNUSUAL
AND ESSENTIAL POINT
OF LOCOMOBILE CONSTRUCTION

IS THE
STRICT LIMITATION OF
THE NUMBER OF CARS BUILT

*THE RESULT AIMED AT
IS NOT
QUANTITY BUT QUALITY*



THE LOCOMOBILE COMPANY OF AMERICA
MAKERS OF FINE MOTOR CARS





The Kaiser Is Still Hanging Around, But,

*that's no reason why we
should not be interested
in the*

LATEST WAR NEWS

The submarines are being conquered.
We are turning out real ships.
Our airplane mess is cleaning up.
The Ordnance Department is now on the job.
Our boys are lining up in France.
The idlers are being rounded up.
The circulation of LIFE is increasing
AND
The Great Navy Number is coming.

*We shall have something more to say about
this Navy Number soon. Meanwhile are
you reading Life regularly? Are you in ad-
dition sending a copy each week to a soldier?*

Subscriptions to LIFE may be sent to American soldiers abroad at American rates of postage if addressed to them as members of the American Expeditionary Forces.

The price of annual subscriptions, postage included, for Canadian, British and other soldiers in the Allied armies, is \$6.04.

Special Offer

Enclosed find One Dollar (Canadian \$1.13, Foreign \$1.26). Send LIFE for three months to

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LIFE, 17 West 31st Street, New York. 44

One Year, \$5.00. (Canadian, \$5.52; Foreign, \$6.04.)

Clicquot Club

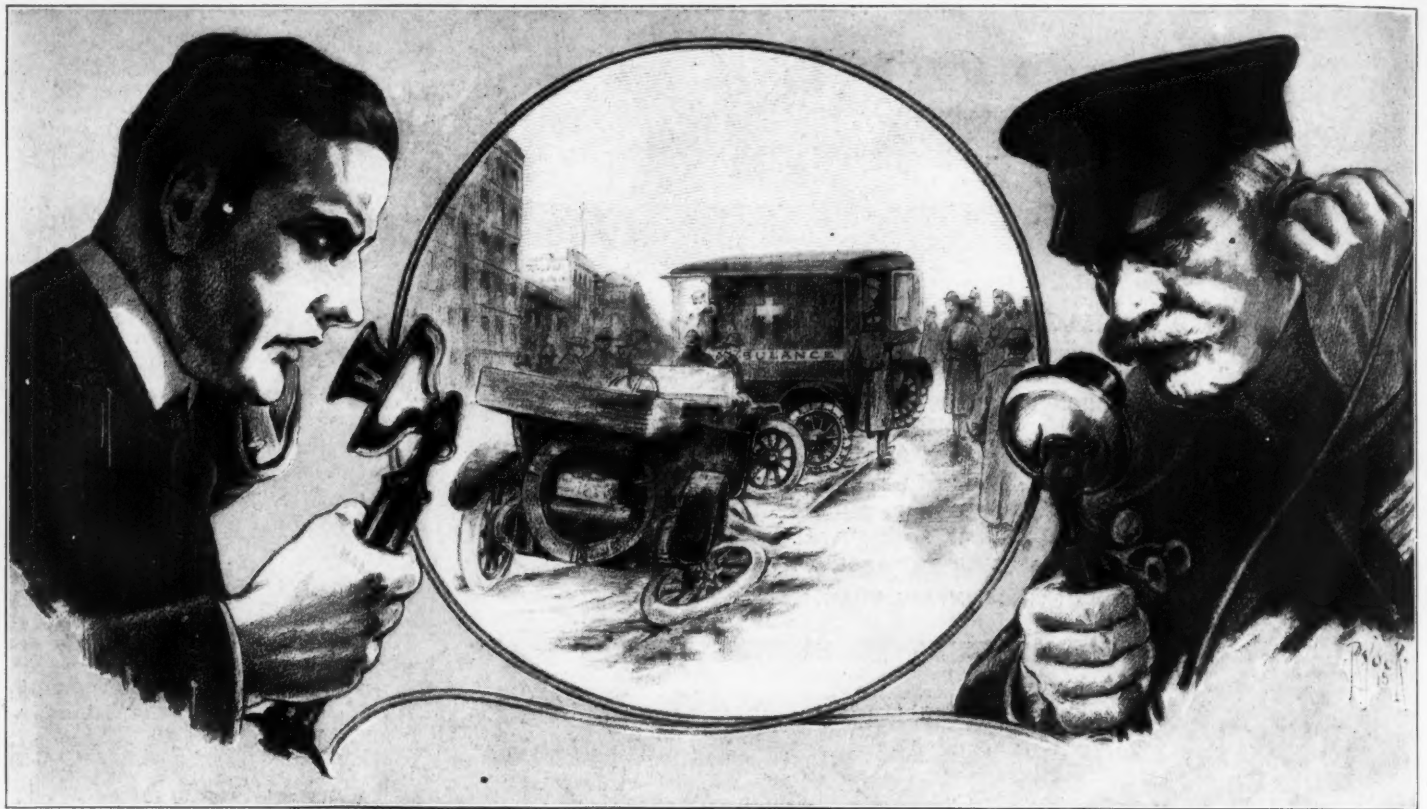
Pronounced Klee-Ko

GINGER ALE

A dry throat needs no bugle-call. It wants a Thirst Quencher, and wants it quick. In cantonment or cafe, in the home or aboard yacht, Clicquot Club Ginger Ale deals swift, sure defeat to thirst. Made of pure juices of lemons and limes, pure cane sugar, pure Jamaica ginger, and crystal-clear spring water. Buy by the case from your grocer or druggist

THE CLICQUOT CLUB COMPANY, MILLIS, MASS., U. S. A.





“What! My Car?”

“Yes! skidded—and it’s up to you. You failed to provide the chauffeur with Tire Chains. Only good luck saved your wife from paying the supreme penalty for your negligence. She’s on the way to the hospital painfully injured, but the doctor thinks she’ll pull through. You’d better hurry to the hospital and then report to Headquarters.”

How strange it is that disaster must come to some men before they realize that all makes and types of tires will skid on wet pavements and muddy roads when not equipped with Chains.

These men do not appreciate until too late, that by failing to provide Weed Anti-Skid Chains they

expose their families to injury and death.

The time to provide against accidents is before they happen. Don’t wait until after the first skid. Put Weed Chains on all four tires at the first indication of slippery going and you will have quadruple protection against injury, death, car damage and law suits.



Weed Chains are Sold for All Tires by Dealers Everywhere

American Chain Company, Incorporated

BRIDGEPORT, CONNECTICUT

IN CANADA ; DOMINION CHAIN COMPANY, LIMITED, NIAGARA FALLS, ONTARIO.





A Letter from Overseas

By Charlotte Becker

DEAR DAD:

We had a scrimmage here last night;
 I wasn't hurt, but two of us got killed;
 It's curious that my head was only filled
 Through all the heat and racket of the fight
 With wondering how this April bass would bite
 In Willow River; if the larks would build
 In our big elm tree; if the high school drilled;
 If little Tom was flying his first kite.

I'm glad I'm in the trenches, but this spring,
 When it's so bare and bleak and treeless here,
 So muddy and so grim and creepy-queer,
 It helps a lot to hear each small home thing—
 Hello! a shell just splintered my new gun—
 Good-bye, write all the news.
 Your loving son.

An Open Letter to Ireland

DEAR IRELAND:

When the house is on fire it's no time for family quarrels. It's no time to sulk and tolerate plots with the enemy at your doors.

Forget your ill-timed Home Rule agitation; do your bit towards canning the Kaiser. If the Huns win you'll have no home to rule!

Sincerely yours,

VERITAS.



"REMEMBER, MY SON, WHEN YOU GET TO CAMP TRY TO BE PUNCTUAL IN THE MORNINGS, SO AS NOT TO KEEP BREAKFAST WAITING"

The Rubaiyat of a Commuter



WAKE, O commuter, for the sun again
Hath tapped his finger on the window
pane.

I bid you hasten with your shave, unless
You wish to lose your customary train.



Lo! some there be can smoke a sweet cigar
Before they leave the house. But we live far
From depot and from trolley. Hasten, then,
For 8:13 must find us in the car.



Whether from Rockaway or Babylon,
Whether from Kew or Oyster Bay we run,
The commutation ticket must be punched
Six hundred times in every year, my son.



Better, I hold, from Hempstead to commute
And travel the whole gamut of the route—
That gives a man an inside seat, at least,
And time to read the newspaper to boot.



Above all else, hold fast the smoking car,
For up ahead is where the women are—
And though I am an easy-going man,
Yet woman-talk is something I debar.



Better the man who talks about the war,
Better the tennis, golf or motor bore,
Than sit among the girls and overhear
The details of what Rose and Ethel wore.

In winter time 'tis well to keep a pack
Of cards about your person. I look back
On one long night we spent at Floral Park
With snowdrifts ten feet deep along the track.



One other thing you must take care to learn:
To catch the morning train's your own con-
cern;
But miss at night, you must placate your
wife—
The dinner's on the stove, and it will burn!



Commuters go to Paradise, they say,
For all the sins they do cannot outweigh
The little inconveniences they bear—
At least, that's true out our Long Island way!



So when I die, as peaceful as a lamb,
Inter me near the station, where I am
Just close enough to see the 8:13
Pull out . . . and smile, and never give a
damn!



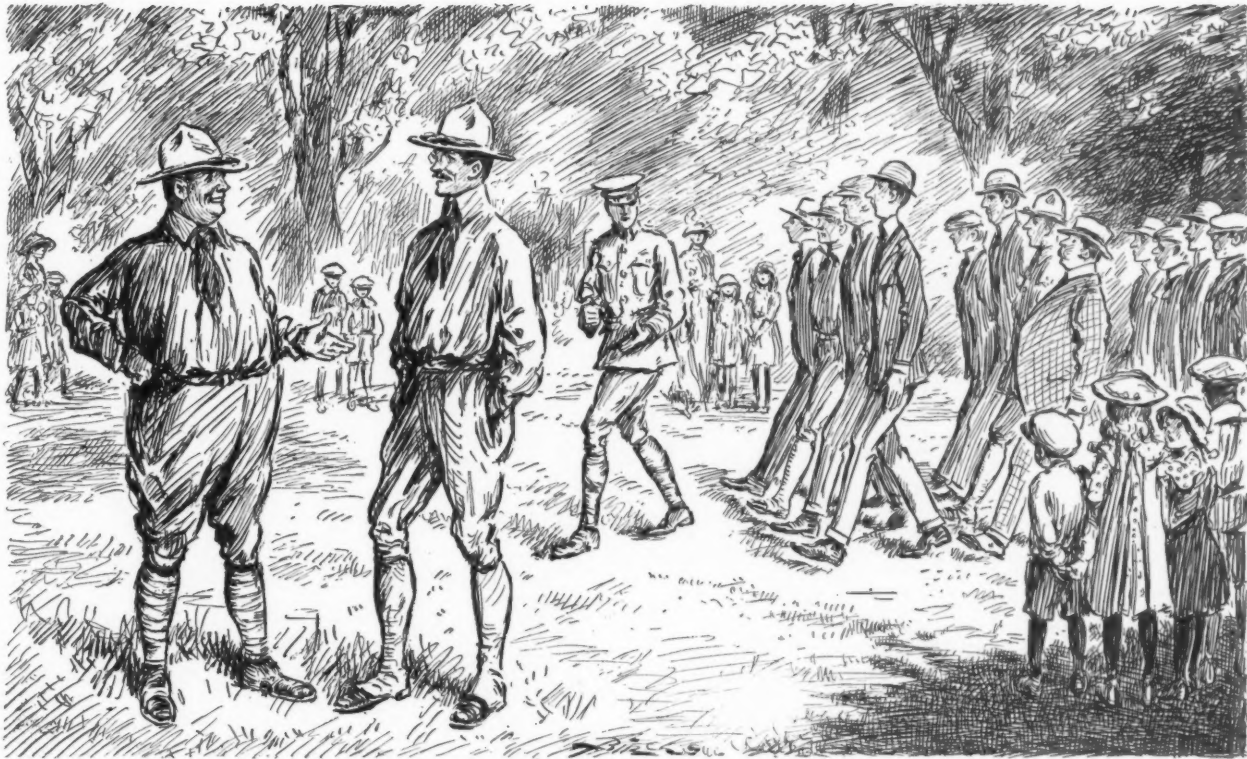
Christopher Morley.



"AT LEAST THIS PART OF THE AVIATION PROGRAM HAS FLOWN"



GRIN AND BARE IT



"MY WIFE ATTACKED ME IN FULL FORCE YESTERDAY ABOUT HER SUMMER VACATION."
 "AND THE RESULT?"
 "I REGRET TO SAY THAT, IN SPITE OF A GALLANT DEFENSE AND A MOST VIGOROUS COUNTER OFFENSIVE ON MY PART, SHE PUSHED MY LINE BACK TO THE MOST EXPENSIVE WATERING PLACE."

From the History of the Future

ON Thursday morning last, at about five o'clock, ten hostile aeroplanes, which had been released from German submarines in mid-ocean, appeared over New York. After destroying the lower part of the city, including the Woolworth building, the Stock Exchange and Trinity Church, the machines started west, landing in Kansas. They had been expected, as it was generally understood they could not fly back to their starting base, and were met by a reception committee of leading citizens headed by Senator Reed. While it was felt that the destruction of a large part of New York was a grave matter, it was realized that the men employed were all under orders and could not very well help themselves, and, in accordance with the expressed desire of the government, should be treated hospitably; for to descend to the level of their masters would be obviously beneath our dignity as an altruistic nation. After undergoing the slight formality of being arrested by the authorities the reception proceeded, the welcoming speech being made by Senator Reed, followed by a collation. It is understood that the aviators will be interned in a special summer hotel, purchased by the government for this purpose.

BESS: Be sure you are right, then go ahead!
Bob: By Jove! Fifty chaps would get in ahead of you if you procrastinated to that extent!



Captain Little (on leave): YES, MISS MIGGS, I KNOW HOW IT FEELS TO BE TAKEN PRISONER

Thoughts About a Mix-Up

TO fight Hearst is doubtless always a righteous work, but doubtless also there are times and seasons about it. When anybody has plenty of fights on hand, he may prefer to postpone fighting Hearst until he can give a less divided attention to it.

The *Tribune* is fighting him quite hard and well, and devoting time and lots of space to it. It is also fighting in the war, and on the Allies' side, and does well at that, but it has not the responsibility for our success in the war on its shoulders. Off and on it fights the administration, but not so steadily nor with so much heat as the Colonel does. It is not quite given over, body and boots, to the Colonel's leadership.

The *Times* thought that when Mr. Burleson called for the names of the anti-war papers which the Colonel said the administration had neglected, he supposed that Roosevelt would not dare name the Hearst papers.

That was as handsome a compliment to Hearst's effective use of *schrecklichkeit* as the *Times* could pay. But the Colonel does not himself own a newspaper, and is not dependent on the dry-good advertising for his support, and is a clean liver, and there is no particular reason why he should fight shy of naming the Hearst papers. They have said all they can about him already, and can only repeat it.

Of course he named the Hearst papers.

Suppose, now, that Hearst hates the war like poison (as is likely) and hates England still more and wants her to be thoroughly humbled, and hates Japan and Mexico on the side, and the administration, and the Colonel and all his works, but still has the instinct of self-preservation strong enough to turn from his former courses and support the war and the government in his newspapers. Is it not conceivable that the best course for the administration is to leave him alone, so long as he brings forth works meet for repentance?

Mr. Burleson says, not that that is the most expedient course, and therefore followed, but that it was the only



ANOTHER CHARGE AGAINST OUR SECRETARY OF WAR

"WELL, MY DEAR, HERE ARE MY ORDERS—I'VE GOT TO GO."

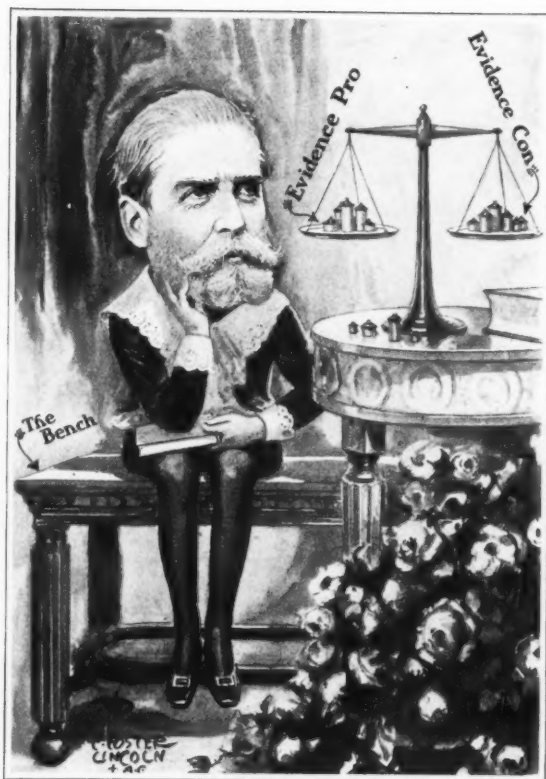
"I MUST SAY I DO THINK MR. BAKER MIGHT LET YOU WAIT TILL I FINISH THIS OTHER SOCK."

course the government could take, because all but two of the articles in the Hearst papers referred to by Mr. Roosevelt were published before the passage of the Espionage Act (June 15, 1917), and because those in charge of the enforcement of that law do not believe that a case can be made either against Mr. Hearst or Mr. Roosevelt that could stand in the courts. For Mr. Burleson says his department has received more complaints about Mr. Roosevelt's articles than about Mr. Hearst's newspapers. And as for the *Metropolitan Magazine*, he denies that his department checked its circulation or injured it at all, and he thinks that if it got any harm it may have been a result of William Hard's article, "Is

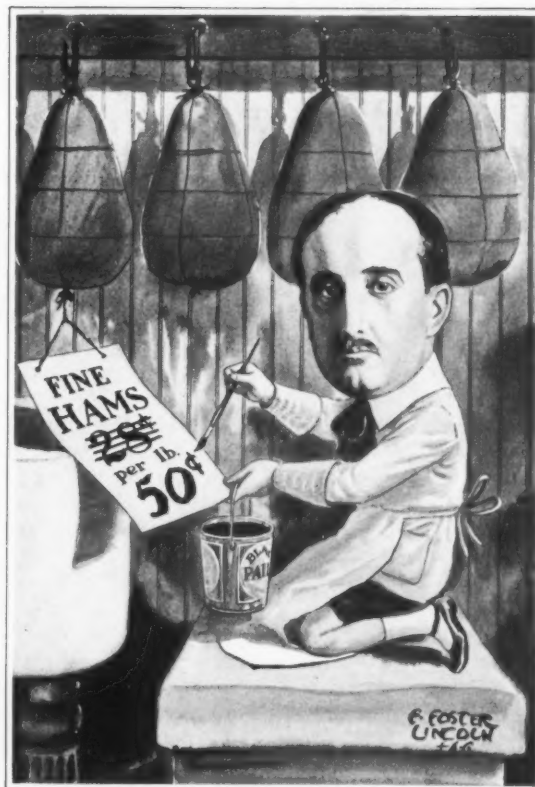
America Honest?" in the March issue, which, Mr. Burleson is "reliably informed," was translated by German propagandists into German, Spanish, Portuguese and the Scandinavian languages, and is now being circulated in quantity in Mexico and South America.

No doubt the espionage law is all right and gives necessary war powers to the government, and is a protection to the country, especially against mischievous publications for uses of conspiracy. But the country is so united now, and so clear as to what it wants about the war, that for great publications like the Colonel and his tail and the Hearst newspapers the properest court is the great court of readers.

E. S. M.



CHARLIE HUGHES



THE ARMOUR KID

HISTORIC BOYS

Improvements?

"SINCE the local-option law went into effect we have had to remodel our golf-club house."

"What for?"

"Well, we used to build the men's lockers to hold nothing but clubs, but now we have to enlarge them for bottles."



IN THE "GARDEN OF ALLAH"

The Not Too Patriotic Contractor

ONCE upon a time there was an Army Contractor who was patriotic.

And he took counsel with his friends and with the Wise Men of the Land, and he reached the conclusion that it was not at all inconsistent with his patriotism, but, on the contrary, quite the proper and helpful thing, to do business with the Government and make a modest profit, and thus accumulate a comfortable fortune or even become moderately wealthy.

But he also learned that if he were not too patriotic he could gouge the Government, furnishing shoddy goods and charging exorbitant prices, and thus make outrageous profits and become indecently and plethorically rich.

And being born under that particular star which specializes in greed, he chose the latter course, and for a time he flourished like the proverbial green bay tree or like the most aggressive porker in the sty.

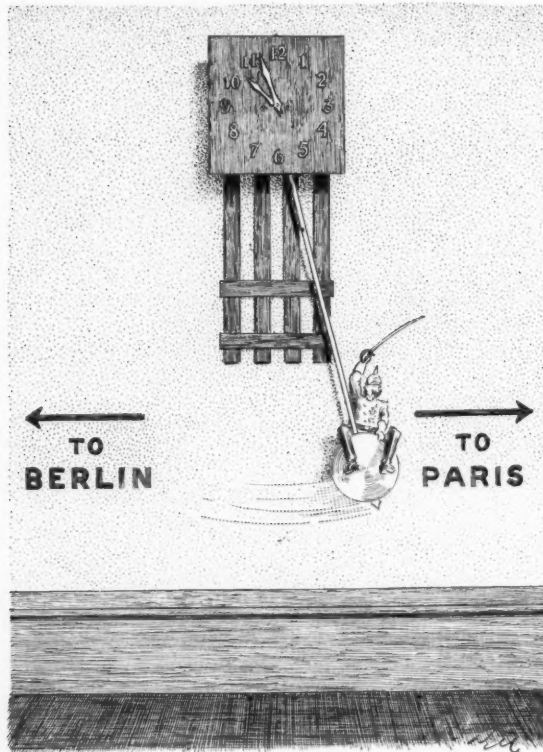
But there came a time when it was discovered by the People that his Patriotism was away below par, and that it was calculated to pay dividends to nobody but himself.

Whereupon the People did wax wroth and grow exceedingly indignant, and they did administer unto the Army Contractor such condign and egregious treatment as seemed meet to them under the circumstances.

Architecture

I HAVE left the city with its grinding noise,
 With its sordid sorrows and its pinchbeck joys,
 For the cleanly comfort of a prim abode
 In a new-laid suburb on a two-track road,
 Where the mastiff greets me with a "Woof, woof, woof!"
 From a red-brick kennel with a gambrel roof,
 Where the leghorns nestle in a chicken-coop
 With a dormer window and a high Dutch stoop,
 Where the small pigs gambol and the large pigs grunt
 In a sty of stucco with a Queen Anne front,
 And the horse shall whinny and the cow shall low
 In a new Greek stable with a portico!

Arthur Guiterman.



THE ADVANCE

His Forte

"HE'S a wonderful strategist, isn't he?"

"Rather! He's so good they have taken him out of the fighting and put him in Washington and given him charge of the explanations as to our delay in guns, flying machines and other necessities."

ALL liars tell the truth from time to time. This is inevitable. No liar can possibly be so perfect as to crush completely within himself the inherent cosmic urge to state things as they are rather than as they are not.

And in these more or less occasional lapses from the devious path of prevarication liars often utter truths of great importance.

But there is never any way of knowing in advance just when a liar is going to decide that veracity is better than falsehood.

This is the cause of much unhappiness in the lives of some of our best liars. As there is no remedy for the condition, the only proper advice to them is that, having chosen to be a liar, stick to it under all circumstances with indomitable consistency.



THE HIRED MAN

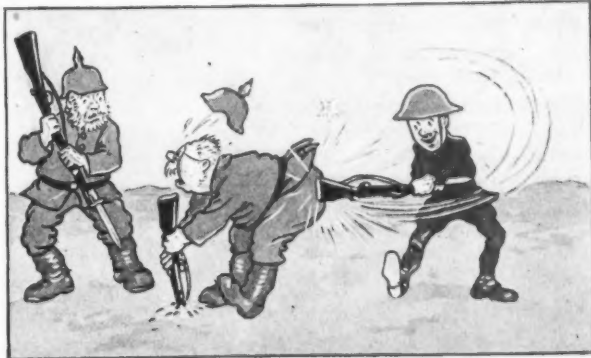
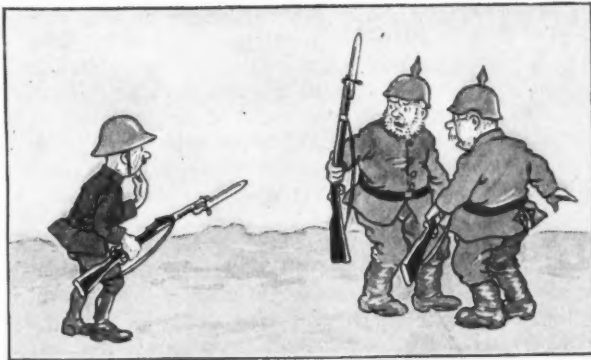
How They Do It

THE Washington lodging-house keepers, apartment owners and similar profiteers have been legally restricted in their schemes for extorting money from soldiers and their families; but none the less they keep right on extorting. Their pet scheme is to charge fifty dollars for the monthly rent of a two-room apartment—and to add sixty dollars for the monthly rent of the furniture in the apartment, said furniture consisting of two beds, two chiffoniers and four chairs. In Washington, as elsewhere, a true profiteer only ceases profiteering when he is hog-tied.

Heroes

THERE are no greater heroes, that I know,
 Than those who are afraid to go, but go.

Liars



THE EX-MOVIE-COMEDIAN GOES OUT TO TAKE A PRISONER

Short History of the Huns

TEN Million Teutons rushing from the Rhine;
 Belgium up and bit 'em, then there were Nine.
 Nine Million Teutons singing songs of hate;
 Tommy Atkins bashed 'em, and then there were Eight.
 Eight Million Teutons sent by Gott from heaven;
 Little Servia swiped 'em, and then there were Seven.
 Seven Million Teutons playing poison tricks;
 Russia rushed 'em in the East, then there were Six.
 Six Million Teutons in a Verdun drive;
 A poilu person punched 'em, then there were Five.
 Five Million Teutons, grunting still for gore;
 Italia aids the Entente, then there were Four.
 Four Million Teutons, still murdering at sea;
 Depth-bombs busted 'em, then there were but Three.
 Three Million Teutons bound to break right through;
 General Foch cried "Forward!" and cut them in Two.
 Two Million Teutons, sunburnt in "the sun";
 The Yanks took on their stride at last, then there was but One.
 One Million Teutons, watching on the Rhine;
 Hinden-burgle homes again? . . . Nix! Also, Nein
W. T. Larned.

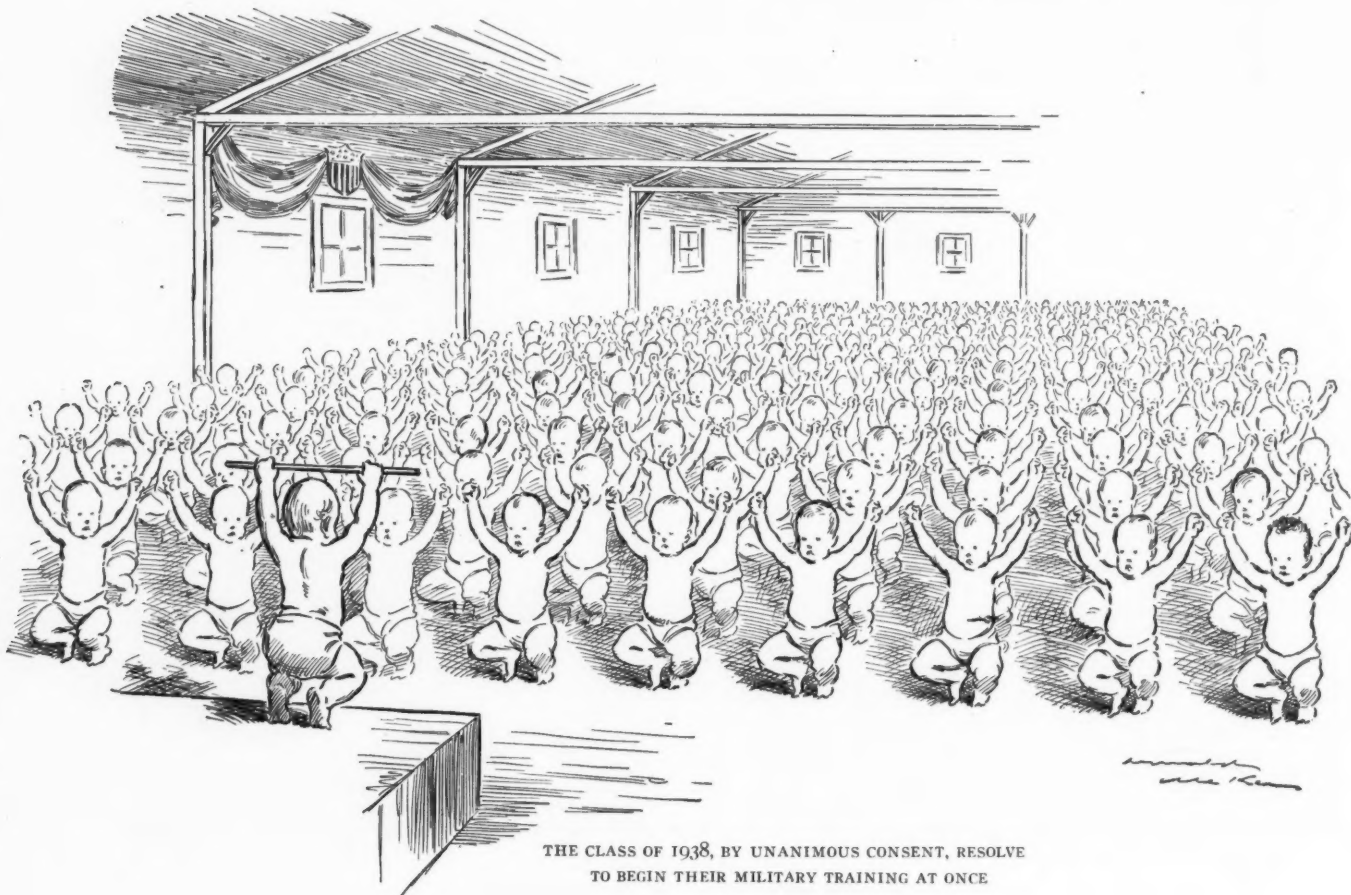
Don't Damn the Russians

DON'T damn the Russians—at least don't damn them until you have reeled through your mind a moving picture of Europe in 1914, as it would have been, if the Russians then were, as they are now, conglomerates of distraction and impotence, incapable of making the eastern front a menace to the Hun and preventing the concentration of his hordes in the west. When you have done this, and given to the picture some little contemplation, you may damn the Russians as much as you may be disposed. But don't damn them even then, if you value your reputation for sanity; and don't, if you care a rap for your personal safety, damn them where you may be overheard by someone who will likely, from a sense of gratitude for what these people did for democracy early in the war, resent your remarks with quite proper and sanguinary violence.

"German Spies Interned"

IS a quite common announcement in the papers nowadays, and is no doubt eminently satisfying to the pacifists. Possibly it may meet with the approval of the father whose son has been killed in a munition-plant explosion.

How would it be to arrange for appropriate preliminary exercises, have the spelling changed a bit, and then let it read, "Four German Spies *Interred*"?



THE CLASS OF 1938, BY UNANIMOUS CONSENT, RESOLVE
 TO BEGIN THEIR MILITARY TRAINING AT ONCE



Roddy Thomson
N.Y.

HOME ON FURLOUGH

He Was Very Careful

"NOTHING can happen to you." The man who stood in front of one of the leaders of the pro-German propaganda moved uneasily.

"You want me to bomb factories, to destroy property, if necessary to commit murder in this country," he said, "and you think nothing can happen to me."

"Well, my dear fellow," replied the other man, "what can happen to you? You plant a bomb. You are caught. The worst thing they would do to you would be to intern you. And in America being interned is distinctly a pleasant process—a fine way to spend a

vacation. Nine-tenths of all the people in this country who are now struggling to make both ends meet would like to be interned by the government on the same basis as the pro-Germans."

"But some angry citizens might possibly catch me."

"Nonsense! Even the law protects you against them."

"Would they be actually punished if they did anything to me?"

"Dear me, yes! They would be publicly reprimanded—and that, you know, is considered quite severe in this country."

"Well, I will think it over and let you know next week."

In a week the man returned. Saluting, he said:

"All right, sir. I'll take the job."

The leader put down his name.

"Very well," he said. "But, my friend, there's one thing I don't understand. Why did you wait a week before accepting the safest job in the world?"

"Well, sir, I wanted to be sure, so I went out and bombed a few places first."

The Chickens Start to Return

IT is claimed that poison gas has been used with such profusion by the Germans that it has drifted back and caused illness in many Rhine towns; and it is safe to say that this same poison gas will be causing excessively uncomfortable sensations throughout Germany for the next few generations—whenever the Germans remember what the rest of the world thinks of them for using it.

MOTTO for Washington legislators:
Investigation is the thief of time.



"MY COUNTRY, 'TIS OF THEE"
(German-American Version)

My country over sea,
Deutschland, is sweet to me;
To thee I cling.
For thee my honor died,
For thee I spied and lied,
So that from every side
Kultur might ring.



JUNE 13, 1918

"While there is Life there's Hope"

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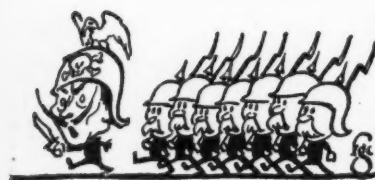
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THERE is nothing much this week to say about the war but "Wait and see!" The drive that was recorded a week ago as hanging fire, went off before the ink was dry, and the sound of it has been the chief noise on the earth ever since. At this writing we are told that it has been checked and that the French have in hand the incursion towards Paris, the one that had made the most progress.

That is about as much as anyone but a military expert knows at this hour of writing, and the laity are not sure that what more, if anything, the experts know, is so. But news is making all the time, and some is liable to come in any moment that is good. We believe that General Foch is not asleep, nor without means to attack when he gets a proper chance, and we know that this is a life or death job for France and that his chief duty is to maintain his powers of resistance. Of course we wish he had a million more Americans for his honorable use in this pressing emergency, but he has got quite a lot, and, please God! they will be useful.

We have troubles of our own in the U-boats that are prowling in our waters, and apparently in all waters, but, as yet, no very serious disaster, so far as known. It may be good for us to have the war brought to our doors, but it makes for some embarrassment to our transport service, and that is inconvenient. At this writing, the papers put nine ships to the credit of the ocean-going submarines, and no

doubt the list will lengthen, but not all of our navy has gone abroad, and we wait to see what cleaning up is possible to the home guard in Mr. Daniels' department. U-boats in the Atlantic ocean are needles in a haystack, but the navy knows how to search.



THINGS keep happening to reinforce the old-time dictum of Josh Billings or some equally wise person, that it is better to know less than to know "so much that ain't so."

There is the tragic case of John J. Chapman and the Harvard honor list. On May 30th Mr. Chapman wrote to the papers: "The Harvard role of honor, as printed in the *Transcript*, contains the names of two German soldiers who are to be honored on Memorial Day. I have telegraphed to President Lowell, asking him to take my boy's name off the list."

It was true that the Harvard roll of honor, as printed in the *Transcript* on May 29th, contained two names of soldiers in the German army, and as they were right up at the top of the roll nobody could miss them. But the *Transcript*, busy with extra strenuous labors of cursing out the administration for not sending General Wood to France, fell down in its local news department, and printed an old list of Harvard's war-dead, which differed from the one that was put on the new honor roll precisely in this detail of having the names of these two German soldiers on it. From the honor roll, a

wooden panel dedicated on Memorial Day, these names of German soldiers were omitted, as they should have been, so that all the names on the roll were of men who had died for the Allied cause, and could justly be described, as they were described at the dedication, as men who had "given their lives for the cause of liberty and democracy in the present war."

So goes a good grievance to grass, but with a net result of advertisement of the fact, highly acceptable to Mr. Chapman, and doubtless to Americans in general, that names of young men who fell fighting for German world-domination are not yet finding places on honor rolls in these States.

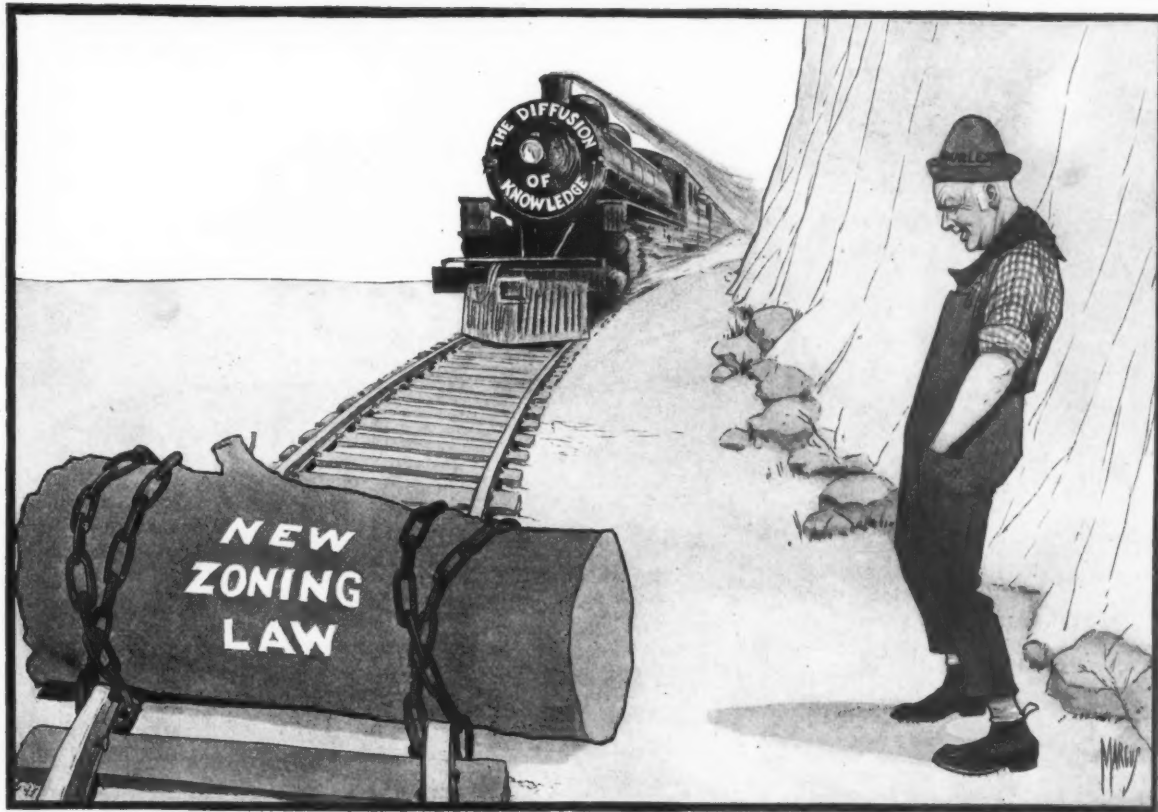


EVEN out of a mare's nest it may be possible to hatch advertisement, and advertisement, though it may seem unsubstantial, is an important product. Hot air is as good as anything to make it of, and that abounds in mares' nests.

General Wood gets quantities of very nice advertising. When things seem to be going his way he gets a lot, and when they seem to be going against him he gets still more. When he was held back from going to France the whole bull-moose contingent stood on its hind legs and roared; George Harvey sent out the S O S call; the Boston *Transcript* spoke the piece from Cicero's orations, beginning, "How long, O Woodrow, will you abuse our patience?" and the *Tribune* and the rest of the faithful let out suitable shrieks. If General Wood is a modest man he must really have been embarrassed. Nevertheless, everyone wanted to know why he was kept at home.

The War Department has not told us yet, but, all guesses being considered and most of them rejected, the likeliest suspicion is that the War Department has withheld him from France because it needs him, or expects to need him, somewhere else.

In spite of the efficiency of his *claque*, General Wood is believed to be an able soldier and administrator, and there is more than one possible des-



"MY GREAT IDEA!"

tionation for him that would explain his being held back.



THE newspaper headlines had it: "Mrs. Rose Pastor Stokes Gets Ten Years in Prison." She did get a sentence to that effect from United States Judge Van Valkenburg in Missouri, but remonstrated, appealed, got bail and came home to New York.

We will do well not to think at present of the ten-year sentence as anything more than emphasis given by Judge Van Valkenburg to his opinion that Mrs. Stokes had been doing mischief in Missouri with her too ready tongue. But even reduced to that, it is

interesting. She got into trouble by a communication sent to the *Kansas City Star*, announcing that she was not supporting the war aims of the government, and that the government was for the profiteers. That does not seem so very serious to us in New York, but Missouri appears to be wound up to the point of standing no nonsense. She went out there to express her views and, inferentially, to spread them. Missouri does not wish them to be spread at this time, and nobody who wants to win the war but will sympathize with Missouri.

Mrs. Stokes and her husband both came out for the war, and both quit the Socialist party because they did not like its war-attitude. Mr. Stokes stayed out of it. Mrs. Stokes went back into it five months ago, claiming that things had happened that did not suit her.

John Spargo says the sentence is "shocking," and that the trouble with Mrs. Stokes is not that she is pro-German or a traitor to this country, but

that she is a romanticist without the slightest capacity for dealing with the great problems of this war.

William English Walling, another eminent reformed Socialist, feels that if a striking example had to be of the inexpediency of indiscreet speech in war-time, a much better object than Mrs. Stokes would have been our fellow citizen William Randolph Hearst.

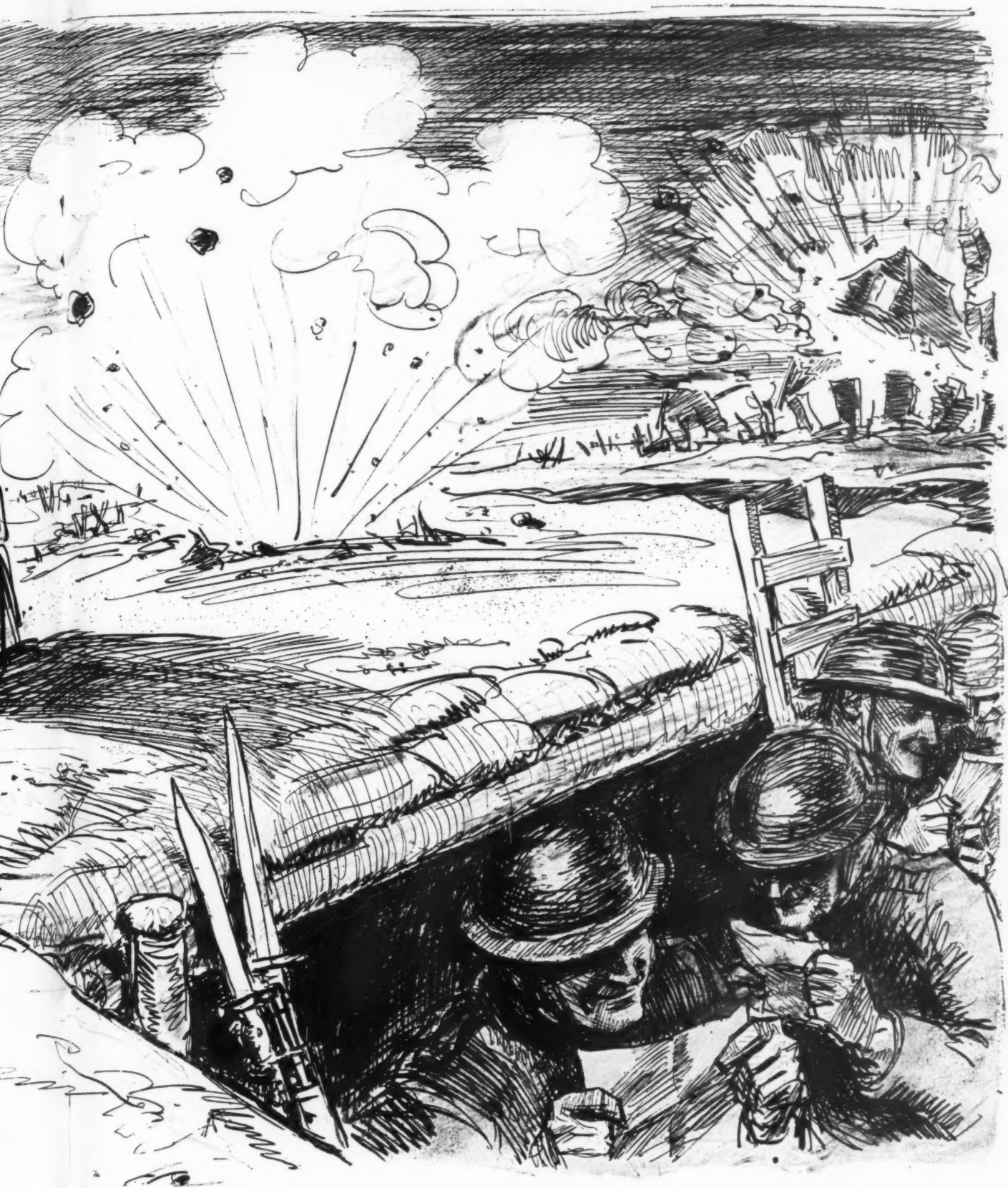
Mais oui (as our good soldiers now say), but Willie is smart, and knows when the jig is up and the cat attentive, and is not talking naughtily just now, and looks likely to get off. The right thing for Rose to do, while she is still loose, is to bring forth an ostentatious crop of fruits meet for repentance, like Willie.

But, stars above! it's almost worth the price of the war to get some of the word-spouts plugged, even for a little while. They make sane people ill, and their talk is just as likely to get votes as though it were not crazy.

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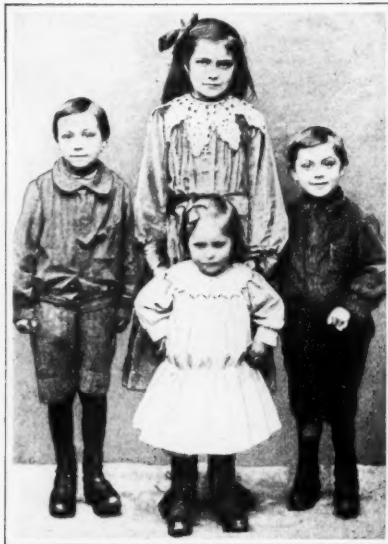


No letter



No Letter

Another Drive More Orphans



PIERRE BOURDILLOT, BABY 2145, HIS
BROTHER AND SISTERS



DENISE AND LOUIS FRINZINE, BABIES
2343 AND 2342



MADELEINE DECOEUR, BABY 2316, AND HER
MOTHER

THE news of another great German drive on the west front means another addition to France's list of babies orphaned and made destitute by the war. LIFE's readers are doing not only their "bit," but their great deal, to help the French widows and orphans in their distress. Generous as is the aid given through this fund, it is only a drop in the bucket.

The letter below tells its own story, and shows that the American navy is never behind when a brave or generous act is needed. More than that, the fact that the handsome contribution was suggested by Mothers' Day makes peculiarly appropriate the aid to these afflicted but still brave mothers of France.

U. S. S. Florida,
"Over There," May 10, 1918.

THE EDITOR OF "LIFE."

Sir: On Mothers' Day, Sunday, May 5th, the men of the U. S. S. Florida resolved to do something for the kiddies of France, as a memorial to their mothers.

Kindly accept the enclosed, and do with it what we wish we could do in person for eleven little youngsters.

In a sense it is not much, yet it represents a sacrifice, for it has been given just when these men are about to receive the first leave granted them in over six months. It expresses what is in our hearts as we wait, and watch and wait "upon our ship of nerve and steel," to strike a blow for humanity and democracy—a glorious privilege which we pray will be granted us.

When you have located the kiddies, their names and addresses, the men insist you forward this information, together with photographs, if possible.

The Electricians (a girl).....	\$73.00
Gunners Gang (a girl).....	73.00
Number 4 Turret Crew (a boy).....	73.00
Officers (a boy).....	73.00
"Dizzy Third" (a girl and a boy).....	146.00
Tenth Division (a girl and a boy).....	146.00
The Crew (two girls and a boy).....	219.00

Eleven kiddies—six girls (we love the girls), five boys (we'll make sailors of them).

Most cordially,

R. D. WORKMAN,
Chaplain, U. S. Navy.

THE PLAN OF THE FRENCH BABIES' FUND

A contribution of seventy-three dollars provides that for two years a destitute French child, orphaned by the war, will be kept with its mother or relatives instead of being sent to a public institution, where its chances of survival are less than in a family environment. During this critical period in the child's life its welfare is looked after and the funds disbursed by the *Fraternité Franco-Américaine*, an organization officered by eminent French men and women. The *Fraternité* has committees in every part of France, who keep in touch with the children and supervise details of management.

Contributions of less than seventy-three dollars are combined until they amount to the larger sum. To those who are unable to contribute the whole seventy-three dollars at one time a child will be assigned under a pledge to complete this amount.

As fast as LIFE receives from the *Fraternité* the names and addresses of the children and their mothers with particulars of the father's death and other information, these are communicated directly to the contributors for the care of each child.

Contributors wishing to correspond with the mothers should address them as "Mme. Veuve _____ (surname of the child)" at the town and department given. A self-addressed envelope should be enclosed for reply.

Contributors will be notified at the expiration of the two years, and be given opportunity to continue the support, if they so desire.

The full amount of the funds received by LIFE is put into French exchange at the most favorable rate and remitted to the *Fraternité* with no deduction whatever for expenses. Under the present regulations of the American Red Cross LIFE is unable to forward packages to the children. Gifts of money we can remit with other funds.

Checks should be made payable to the order of LIFE Publishing Company. Owing to the large amount of detail work connected with the fund, contributions are acknowledged only through LIFE.

We have received, in all, \$207,349.17, from which we have remitted to Paris 1,157,444.95 francs.

We gratefully acknowledge from

The Graduating Class of the Women's College of Brown University, Pawtucket, R. I., for Baby No. 2704.....	\$73
"Clinton French War Orphan LIFE Fund," Clinton, Iowa, for Babies Nos. 2705 and 2706.....	146
Mr. and Mrs. Grant N. Blair, Los Angeles, Cal., for Baby No. 2707.....	73
The Intermediate Class of St. Mary's School, Concord, N. H., for Baby No. 2708.....	73



CHOOSING HIS CAREER

Lieutenant Commander Lee P. Warren, Navy Yard, Breerton, Wash., for Baby No. 2712.....	73
"Class of 1920" of Wells College, Aurora, N. Y., for Baby No. 2713.....	73
"Flagstaff Shakespeare Club," Flagstaff, Ariz., for Baby No. 2714.....	73
The officers and men of the U. S. S. Florida, Mothers' Day collection, on account of Babies Nos. 2715 to 2725, inclusive.....	771
The Woman's Club, Butler, Pa., for Baby No. 2726.....	73
Washington Heights Annex of Morris High School, New York City, collected by Miss Carolyn P. Swett, for Baby No. 2727.....	73
Washington Heights Annex of Morris High School, New York City, collected by Miss Jessie W. Hughan, for Baby No. 2728.....	73
Josephine Hartford Hoffman and Marie Hartford Hoffman, Orange, N. J., for Babies Nos. 2729 and 2730.....	146
Louisa I. Enos and George T. Enos, Springfield, Ill., for Babies Nos. 2731 and 2732.....	146
Mr. and Mrs. A. M. Creighton, Lynn, Mass., for Baby No. 2733.....	73
S. G. Hill, Seattle, Wash., for Baby No. 2734.....	73
"Anonymous," Wilmington, Del., renewal of subscriptions for Babies Nos. 100, 101, 102 and 103.....	392
Miss Helen G. Coppel, New York City, renewal of subscription for Baby No. 20.....	73
"In memory of W. C. Parke," Honolulu, Hawaii, renewal of subscription for Baby No. 138.....	73
C. L. T. and L. F. T., Alameda, Cal., renewal of subscription for Baby No. 97.....	73
T. A. Witherspoon, Washington, D. C., renewal of subscription for Baby No. 56.....	73
Mrs. George Burnham, Jr., Philadelphia, Pa., renewal of subscription for Baby No. 7.....	73
E. O. H., Springfield, Mass., renewal of subscription for Baby No. 117.....	73
Eunice Stebbins, Omaha, Neb., renewal for one year of subscription for Baby No. 55.....	36.50
PAYMENTS ON ACCOUNT: The Foraker Bridge Club, New York City, \$8.50; Sunday School of the Presbyterian Church, Bishop, Cal., \$20; Guy U. Yarnell, Lou Wassie, Mo., \$3; Mrs. Belle Wisdom, Houston, Texas, \$36.60; A. F. C., Pittsburgh, Pa., \$10; Mrs. Paul Bloomhart and Miss Mary V. Libby, Williamsburg, Pa., \$18; Mrs. Edward V. Robertson, Cody, Wyo., \$25; Mary Truman, Camp Meade, Md., \$6; H. P. A., Framingham, Mass., \$13.	

BABY NUMBER 2686	
Already acknowledged.....	\$62.87
S. C. Hodges and J. W. Sproles, Greenwood, S. C.....	10.13
	<hr/>
	\$73

BABY NUMBER 2709	
S. C. Hodges and J. W. Sproles, Greenwood, S. C.....	\$7.87
Mrs. M. L. Prior, Cleveland, Ohio.....	36
Nelson P. Bonney, Norwich, N. Y.....	6
Lida White Richardson, Omaha, Neb.....	10.16
	<hr/>
	\$60.03

BABY NUMBER 2735	
The children of the Primary Department of the First Presbyterian Church, Charleston, W. Va., through Mrs. Ernest Thompson.....	\$36.50

BABY NUMBER 2736	
The children of the Primary Department of the First Presbyterian Church, Charleston, W. Va., through Mrs. A. P. Rand.....	\$36.50

Blessed Freedom

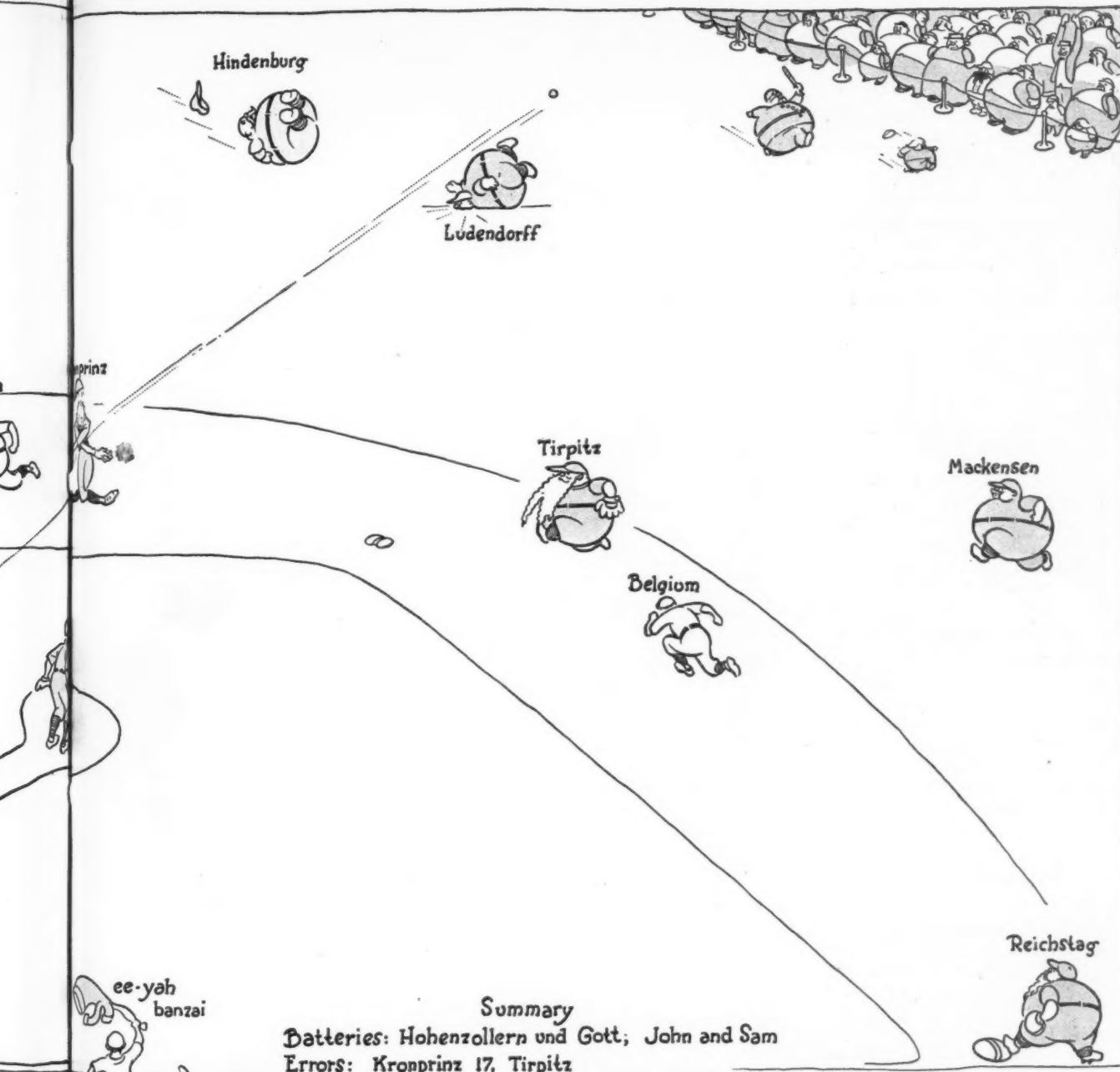
"HOW do you manage to live within your income these war times?"

"Nothing to it," replied the rich man. "I presented my cars and yacht to the government, the army is looking after my son, and my daughter is earning her keep with the Red Cross."

Permanent

MISS YELLOWLEAF: A woman's age doesn't really matter.

MISS CAUSTIQUE: No; the thing that counts is how long she has been that age.



Summary

Batteries: Hohenzollern und Gott; John and Sam

Errors: Kronprinz 17, Tirpitz

Double Plays: Haig to Petain to Pershing; Hoover to Garfield

to McAdoo

Triple Play (unassisted): British Navy

Sacrifice Hit: Belgium

Hit by Pitched Ball: Weltpolitik

Wild Pitches: Hohenzollern 9

Passed Balls: Gott 7

Time of Game: 3 yrs. 10 mos.

Attendance: 847,000,000

Handwritten signature

VICTORY

G. A. R. to A. E. F.

HOPE and promise of the nation,
Expeditionary Force,
For Democracy's salvation
And Autocracy's remorse,
Take a warning and a blessing
From your fathers who have fought,
So that, both of them possessing,
You may set the foe at naught.

Take a warning: that the fighting
Is not over in a day.
Oh, the failures, weary, blighting!
Oh, the desperate delay!
For the waiting, and the hiding,
And the unexpected shock,
You will need the calm abiding
Of the everlasting rock.

Take a blessing: gallant heroes
From a nation that is free,
You are facing worse than Nero's
Cruelty and treachery:
All of heaven bends above you,
God preserve you safe and true,
For the folks at home who love you
And the land that prays for you!

We who know the olden story—
Freedom's story, proudly great—
How we glory in your glory
And the splendor of your fate!
Take our high congratulation,
Far against the foeman hurled—
We who fought to save the nation,
You who fight to save the world!

Amos R. Wells.

Tar and Feathers

THE number of pro-Germans and pacifists who have been tarred and feathered is not considerable, compared with our total population. But it has been enough to excite the indignation of those who feel that in performing this fussy operation some of our enthusiastic citizens are going too far.

To decorate any person with a coat of tar and feathers is, no doubt, a mark of displeasure, and no one who has it done to him would want to speak to the one who did it if they should ever meet again, even under the most favorable circumstances.

But we are frank in saying that our particular objection to this mark of endearment is that it is too mild, besides being over-expensive. Tar is going up, and so are feathers. Why waste them on a pro-German or a pacifist?



"SELF-DETERMINATION"

"NOW, BOY, TELL THEM HOW MUCH YOU LOVE ME!"

Some Fight!

AN American negro stevedore assigned to the great docks in southwestern France had written several letters to his black Susanna in Jacksonville, Fla., when she wrote back saying:

"You-all don't nevah tell me nothin' 'bout de battle a-tall. Tilda Sublet's Dave done wrote her all about how he kotched two Germans all by hisself and kilt three mo'."

The stevedore was reluctant to tell his girl that he was doing manual labor and that his only accoutrement was the

tinware from which he ate his war bread, "slum" and coffee. His reply ran:

"Dear Sue:

"De battle am goin' on. You would faint if I tole yuh de full details. Ah'm standin' in blood up to mah knees, and every time Ah move Ah step on a daid German. We're too close to use our rifles, and we're bitin' and gougin' 'em. At one time me and two othah niggahs was hangin' onto de Crown Prince wid our teeth, an' old Papa Kaiser done beat us off wid a fence rail untwell reeumfosments come!"



WHAT TO DO?

Fiendish Suggestion

CRAWFORD: We're turning out tanks, and expect to do great execution with them over there.

CRABSHAW: We certainly will if they get some New York taxi drivers to man them.

Too Much for the Censor

"**W**HAT a letter!" wailed the girl. "He tells me he loves me only thirty-seven times."

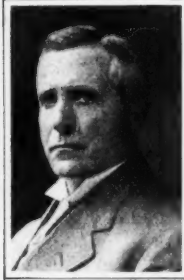
"Don't blame him for that letter," suggested an older head. "Somebody probably censored it."



THE OUIJA-BOARD

Life's Horoscopes

SENATOR JAMES A. REED



THE planets were not propitious when this gentleman was born in Mansfield, Ohio, November 9, 1861, hohenzollerns being in periscope with Neptune and pro-Germanism rising in the west, thus preventing him from being born in Berlin, where later on he would have done his best work. He was also afflicted with Hooveritis, which even a residence in Kansas City failed to eradicate. He has a pleasant Wilhelmstrasse disposition, subsists on a mixed diet of expletives and adjectives, and is loved and admired by all who do not know him. He will do his best work as military attaché in a German pill-box, a member of the Reichstag, or editorial writer on a Hearst paper. Should avoid patriots and publicity.

COLONEL E. M. HOUSE



ON July 26, 1858, this gentleman was born in Austin, Texas, Castor and Pollux whispering to Mars and Neptune, and the Sun, Moon and other minor planets appropriately gagged with Wilsonian mufflers. He has a pleasant oratorical temperament, sometimes rising to the height of a monosyllable, and when not electing Presidents and visiting foreign countries in order to confirm what everyone else knew nine months before, is fond of listening himself into confidence where all other political angels have failed to tread. In spite of the *Evening Post* and what he doesn't say, has a well deserved reputation for common sense. Will do his best work in a deaf and dumb asylum, or on light forms of construction; but should avoid Cabinet making. Looks well in short moscovs, ornamented with Klaxon horns.

Who's Who and Why

TERRIER, FIDO J., son of Rover Terrier and Woofie Yorkshire; born in Squire McCormick's hay-barn, September 1, 1912; slew thirty-four woodchucks and seventeen rats, 1914-1915; moved to city and gained blue ribbon at dog show, March 6, 1915; rescued child from drowning in park lake, July 7, 1915; gave chase to and cornered kidnapper in same park, August 28, 1915; tore seat from trespassing hobo's trousers, November 6, 1915; discovered fire in basement of old folks' home and roused janitor, night of June 23, 1916; hung on to notorious second-story man till master could cover him with revolver, night of January 7, 1917; rescued Italian baby from burning tenement, June 9, 1917; led searchers of outing party to children lost in



SOME DAY
"WHAT'S THE NEWS, SON?"

heart of woods, July 24, 1917; joined Red Cross for war-relief service in France, October 5, 1917; killed in act of succoring wounded American, April 15, 1918.



"DOWN FOR THE WEEK-END"



Do you yearn for
a clear complexion?

Perhaps your complexion is unattractive simply because it is not cleansed thoroughly and regularly with the proper kind of soap.

For most skins, the soap should be free from harsh, drying alkali, and should contain just enough soothing, healing medication to relieve clogged pores, reduce the tendency to pimples, redness and oiliness, and to bring out the natural beauty of the complexion.

Resinol Soap is just that kind—an unusually pure and cleansing toilet soap, to which has been added the gentle Resinol medication.

Bathe your face for several minutes with Resinol Soap and warm water, working the creamy lather into the skin gently with the finger tips. Then wash off with more Resinol Soap and warm water, finishing with a dash of clear, cold water, to close the pores.

Do this once or twice a day, and you will probably be astonished to see how quickly your complexion becomes clearer, fresher and more velvety.

Resinol Soap is sold by all druggists and dealers in toilet goods.

Resinol Soap

Bluff!

WHY do the giddiest signboards
 Hang on the stupidest places?
 Why does abysmal heart-sadness
 Lurk behind smilingest faces?
 Why does the gaudiest cover
 Compass the prosiest book?
 Why does the frothiest frosting
 Cover the crime of the cook?
 Why does the great game of bluffing
 Camouflage life far and wide?
 God knows whether anything ever
 Will be what it looks like outside.

Jean Milne Gower.

Some of Our Newspapers

THAT a large number of newspaper editors and owners have a keen sense of responsibility, is undoubtedly true. But it is also true that, where they are the gainers by publishing misleading material that caters to the sensational element, they are too likely to go astray.

The American people are fed daily on bad English, untrue statements, sensational and idiotic pictures and pseudo sentimental asininities. There is also a kind of writing which, under the guise of telling some scientific truth, conceals a thin attempt to foist upon half-educated people some unsound thought.

Reading this artificial and adulterated—not to say absolutely poisonous—thought, they are in a condition where they have no taste left for the wholesome—for anything that tends to make a better standard of culture.

ONE must not confuse liberty with license."

"No, especially when thinking of a marriage license."



WHAT DREAMS WILL DO



DAVID AND GOLIATH
 A PROPHECY

As to Parasites

THE difficulty of dealing with the average Parasite is greatly enhanced by the fact that you can never get him to admit what he is. He will not stand forth in his true colors.

If he would only come right out and say: "Yes, I'm a Parasite. Whadaya goin' to do about it?" then there would be several obvious courses open to you. You could either knock him or scrape him off of whatever he happens to be parasiting on.

But he doesn't do that. He prefers a more suave and argumentative defense. He undertakes to make you believe that he is not a Parasite at all, that his existence is justified by the eternal ethics, and that it is nothing less than the acme of propriety for him to take his sustenance from the source whence he derives it.



The Dawn of a New Era
The Cole Aero-EIGHT

COLE MOTOR CAR COMPANY, INDIANAPOLIS, U. S. A.



Choice Bits of United States Language

"Can you speak the language of the United States?" asks a card carried by the members of the American Protective Association. We don't know whether we can or not, but we'll do our best to reproduce a conversation we heard on a street car yesterday.

"Wheurjyego las night?"

"Nownrs. Stay dnt home."

"I seen Marry Pickferd in a swell play. Jim come overn picked me upp in the Lizzie."

"Heeza live one, ainty?"

"Buhlieve me."

"Goan out t'night?"

"Huh-huh. Mean Coraz goantuh Gert's. Jye ver go over there?"

"Uhuh. Slong. Gotta gittoff next-top."

"Slong."

—Paterson (N. J.) Press-Guardian.



POISON GAS

Then They Shelled the Nuts

My brother wrote me about a dinner some of the soldiers gave for two visitors at camp, members of a famous Canadian regiment, who were home on sick leave. The sergeant had been carefully coached about giving the toast, but became flustered, and this is what he made of it: "Here's to the gallant Eighth, last on the field and the first to leave it."

Silence reigned, then the corporal came gallantly to the rescue.

"Gentlemen," he began, "you must excuse the sergeant; he never could give a toast decently; he isn't used to public speaking. Now, I'll give a toast: Here's to the gallant Eighth, equal to none."

—Chicago Tribune.

Loved Finery

WIFE (after returning from church): You should have been there this morning. We had a beautiful sermon.

HUSBAND: I'll bet you can't repeat the text.

WIFE: Yes, I can. It was from Ezekiel 16, 10: "I girded thee about with fine linen, and I covered thee with silk."

HUSBAND: Huh! It's no wonder you remember it.—Transcript.

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Notice of change of address should reach this office ten days prior to the date of issue to be affected.

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For One Person, \$2 to \$5.
For Two Persons, \$3 to \$6.
With Twin Beds, \$4 to \$6.
Suites at various prices.
800 Rooms.
Four Restaurants.

ONE OF THE COZY CORNERS EXCLUSIVELY FOR LADIES



Refinement

THROUGHOUT this hotel there is unusual provision for the many comforts and refinements that appeal especially to women. For years the Hollenden has enjoyed the patronage of women's organizations of both local and national prominence.

The Hollenden
Cleveland

GOOD FRIENDS
GOOD CIGARS
GOOD STORIES
AND
CLYSMIC
OF COURSE

KING OF TABLE WATERS

Pæan

SAY, Herbert Hoover!
 You're an improver!
 And you can bet you
 I'm glad I met you!
 I used to eat
 Meat and wheat
 And sugar and fat—
 Great Scat!
 I had never a slat!
 And though I worried
 My bones were buried
 And out of sight.
 It wasn't right!
 But now, oh my!
 I'm slim. No pie!
 Nothing but food
 That does me good.
 Can I stand it!
 Yes! And hand it
 To you, O Hoover,
 You food improver!

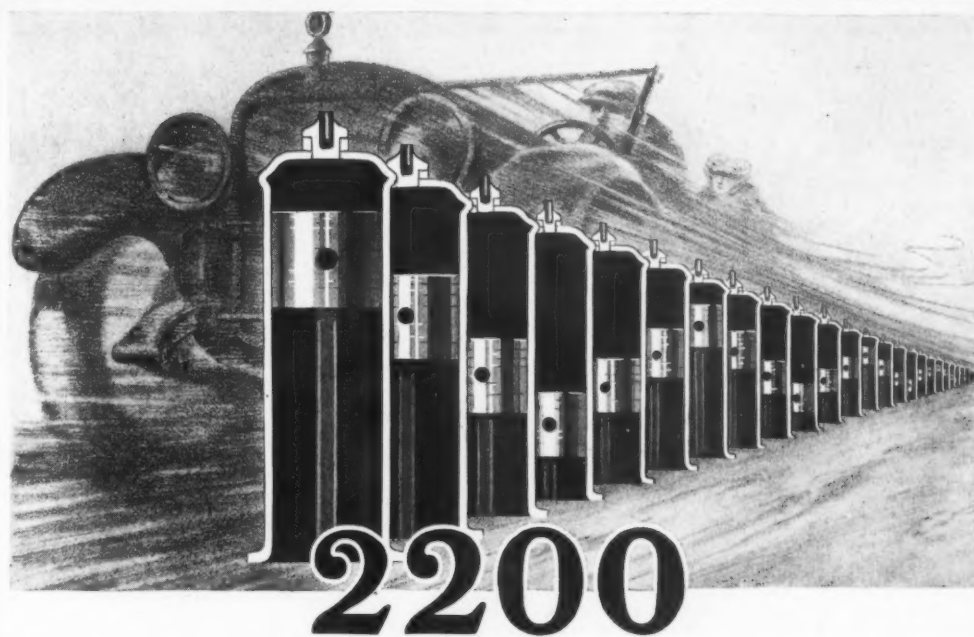
T. L. M.

The Prophets Remain Silent

COUNT VON ROEDERN, Secretary of the Imperial German Treasury, admitted before the Reichstag recently that Germany doesn't yet know the amount of indemnity she will win. This would tend to show that German efficiency and exactitude have slipped a cog somewhere; for it is the first thing connected with the war which Germany hasn't figured out beforehand. She announced just how many months it would take to finish the war, precisely when the Channel ports would fall, how many tons of shipping her submarines would destroy per month, exactly when the Kaiser and Hindenburg would dine in Paris, and so on *ad nauseam*. It looks as though the slide-rules and calipers of the German scientific prophets had been badly strained by their past failures.



The
BILTMORE
 43rd and 44th Sts. and Madison Ave.
 Italian Sunken
 Gardens
 Fountains, flowers,
 music and tea
 rooms.



Hot, plunging strokes per minute!

THAT'S what takes place in *Teach cylinder* in your motor—every time you drive. If your motor has six cylinders there are 13,200 piston strokes every minute—792,000 complete piston strokes every hour you drive.

Is it any wonder that the heat climbs to 3,000 degrees at the piston head? Think what would happen if these terrifically-heated pistons and cylinder-walls were not protected.

That's where *Havoline Oil* comes in. It *protects* the rubbing surfaces. Heat and wear and tear do not break down the protecting film of *Havoline Oil*. It saves lost power from gas escaping from the combustion chambers. It keeps your motor running sweetly. Your motor responds instantly to the extraordinary quality of *Havoline*.

If you do not feed your motor the best oil you can find, you do not give it a fair show. The owner of a thoroughbred horse would not feed him inferior oats or bed him in poor straw and expect him to win races. Treat your motor as you would a blue-blooded race-horse. Give it the best care and the best lubricants you can. It will pay you back with interest in cheerful, unflinching service.

Havoline Oil is scientifically graded into *Light, Medium, and Heavy*.

Keep your motor sweet-tempered by feeding it *Havoline*. You may find it necessary to drive your present car next year, and the year after that. The oil you use is important to the life of your car, whether you continue to drive it yourself or want a good price for it when you sell it or trade it in.



Havoline greases are compounded of Havoline Oil and pure, sweet tallow. Clean to handle and correct in body.

Indian Refining Company Producers and Refiners of Petroleum NEW YORK
 Incorporated

HAVOLINE OIL

REG. U.S. PAT. OFF.

"It Makes a Difference"

OUR FOOLISH CONTEMPORARIES



Getting Even

A naval officer fell overboard. He was rescued by a deck hand. The officer asked his preserver how he could reward him.

"The best way, sir," said Jack, "is to say nothing about it. If the other fellows knew I'd pulled you out, they'd chuck me in."—*Sailor's Magazine*.

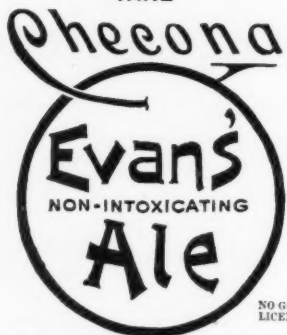
A Bovine Hoarder

"It doesn't seem right," said the man with worn-out shoes.

"What doesn't seem right?"

"That a mere cow can afford to wear all that leather."—*Washington Star*.

DON'T TAKE CHANCES TAKE



NO GOVERNMENT LICENSE REQUIRED

A beneficent, non-intoxicating beverage that can be taken and enjoyed by everyone. A good summertime refresher. Up-to-Date Grocers, Druggists and Dealers.

C. H. EVANS & SONS Established 1786 HUDSON, N. Y.

MIX PATRIOTISM WITH MOTORING PLEASURE

Every gallon of gas you waste would buy a Thrift Stamp.

Equip your car with a New Stromberg Carburetor. Stop burning up "Thrift Stamp Money." Save gas for "fighting" machines. Save money for patriotic purposes. Free descriptive matter. State name, model and year of your car.

Stromberg Motor Devices Co.
64 East 25th St., Dept. 612, Chicago, Ill.

New STROMBERG Does it! CARBURETOR

Gardening Courtesies

One morning Jorkins looked over his fence and said to his neighbor, Harkins:

"What are you burying in that hole?"

"Just replanting some of my seeds, that's all," was the answer.

"Seeds!" exclaimed Jorkins, angrily.

"It looks more like one of my hens!"

"That's all right," said the other.

"The seeds are inside."

—*Harper's Magazine*.

BOYS Clear Your Skin With Cuticura

All drug stores: Soap 25, Ointment 25 & 50, Talcum 25. Sample each free of "Cuticura Dept. B, Boston."

HOTEL ASPINWALL
LENOX, MASS.

High and Cool in the Berkshires

A HOTEL OF DISTINCTION

Opens June 15 Elevation 1400 Feet

HOWE & TWOROGER, Managers

Winter Resort, PRINCESS HOTEL, Bermuda

Time and space are conquered in the new novel,

DROWSY

by JOHN AMES MITCHELL. A lover with a strange inheritance and an invention which breaks all records for speed in travel, play their part in a romance more startling than "Amos Judd," "The Pines of Lory" or "The Villa Claudia," etc.

Published by Stokes. Sent upon receipt of \$1.50 by LIFE PUBLISHING COMPANY, 17 West 31st Street, New York City.

Second Edition



"Gracefully he floated over their heads."

LIVES of great men all remind us
We can make our lives sublime,
But everyone who takes LIFE yearly
Finds life happy all the time.



"I'M GLAD MASTER'S IN THE CAVALRY.
THIS BEATS ICE-CREAM"



INTENSIVE CULTIVATION

Books Received

Fiction

Nocturne, by Frank Swinnerton. (George H. Doran Company, \$1.40.) A finished study of middle-class life in a London suburb.

The Happiest Time of Their Lives, by Alice Duer Miller. (The Century Company, \$1.40.) A purposeful story of young love and New York society.

Hope Trueblood, by Patience Worth. Edited by Casper S. Yost. (Henry Holt

“Mum”

(as easy to use as to say)

—deodorizes from bath to bath

“Mum” applied right after this morning’s bath prevents the embarrassing odors of perspiration all day. Doesn’t smother one odor with another, nor check perspiration.

25c—at drug- and department-stores.

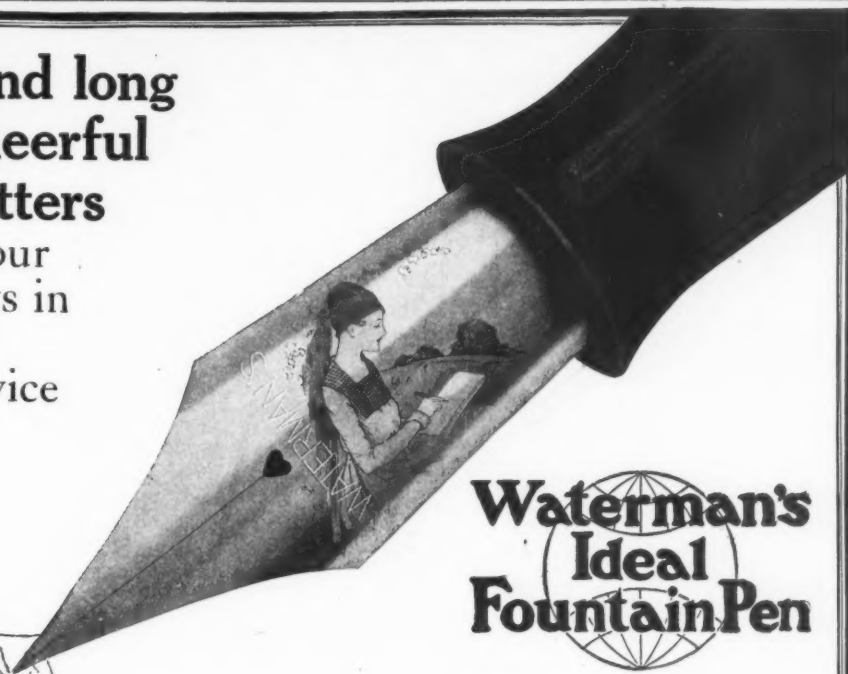
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BELL-ANS
Absolutely Removes
Indigestion. One package
proves it. 25c at all druggists.

Send long
Cheerful
Letters

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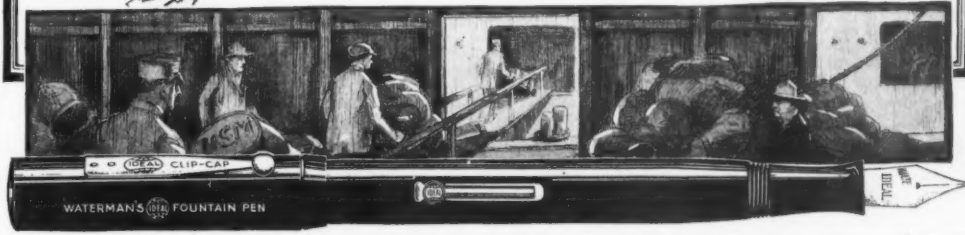
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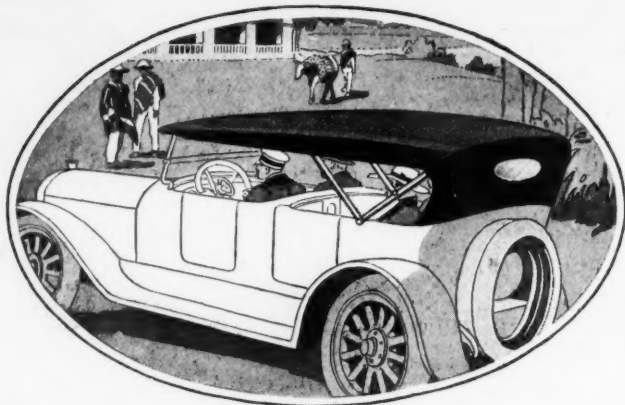
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